

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN
GRAY 97

What can you expect? Examinations, sir, are pure humbug from beginning to end. If a man is a gentleman, he knows quite enough, and if he is not a gentleman, he knows whatever he knows is bad for him."

"Mr. Dorian Gray does not belong to Blue books," said Henry, languidly. Uncle

"Mr. Dorian Gray? Who is he?" asked Lord Ferraor, knitting his bushy white eyebrows.

"That is what I have come to learn, Uncle George. Or

rather, I know who he is. He is the last Lord Kelso's grandson.

His mother was a Devereux; Lady Margaret Devereux. I want

you to tell me about his mother. What was she like? Whom

did she marry? You have known nearly everybody in your

time, so you might have known her. I am very much interested

in Mr. Gray at present. I have only just met him."

"Kelso's grandson!" echoed the old gentleman — "Kelso's

grandson I ... Of course, ... I knew his mother intimately.

I believe I was at her christening. She was an extraordinarily

beautiful girl, Margaret Devereux; and made all the men frantic

by running away with a penniless young fellow; a mere nobody,

sir, a subaltern in a foot regiment, or something of that kind.

Certainly, I remember the whole thing as if it happened

yesterday. The poor chap was killed in a duel at Spa, a few

months after the marriage. There was an ugly story about it.

They said Kelso got some rascally adventurer, some Belgian

brute, to insult his son-in-law in public; paid him, sir, to do it,

paid him; and that the fellow spitted his man as if he had been

a pigeon. The thing was hushed up, but, egad, Kelso ate his

chop alone at the club for some time afterwards. He brought

his daughter back with him, I was told, and she never spoke

to him again* Oh, yes; it was a bad business. The girl died

too; died within a year. So she left a son, did she? I had

forgotten that. What sort of boy is he? If he is like his

mother he must be a good-looking chap."

"He is very good-looking," assented Lord Henry. "I hope he will fall into proper hands,"

continued the old man, "He should have a pot of money waiting for him if

Kelso did the right thing by him. His mother had money

too. AH the Selby property came to her, through her grand-

father. Her grandfather hated Kelso, thought him a mean

dog. He was, too. Came to Madrid once when I was there.

Egad, I was ashamed of him. The Queen used to ask me

about the English noble who was always quarrelling with the